

## **Mauve is a Rich Man's Purple by Elmbird**

**Series:** How to Shape a Heart [3]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Summary:**

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Billy always thought his color was red. Then Steve had to go and buy him a new shade of lipstick.

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## **Mauve is a Rich Man's Purple**

### **Author's Note:**

Just a little porn filled fic for the weekend. This story is related to another one of mine called, 'Billy in Red.' That story isn't required reading for this one. However, if you do enjoy this you might want to check that one out.

Keep in mind this story takes place in the 80's and the availability of sex toys in a small town like Hawkins isn't plentiful. I've tagged 'object insertion' if you need more info than that please see end of story notes.

Enjoy!

Billy always thought red was his color. Red swim trunks for lifeguard duty, red gym bag for basketball practice, the red blush on teenage girls and their mother's cheeks as he shamelessly flirts with them, and finally the red lipstick that no one else but pretty boy gets to see him wearing. Sometime Billy shares that cherry red with Steve. It's a rubbed off, smeared on, transferred by sloppy kisses in the heat on the moment from Billy's lips to the general vicinity of Steve's mouth, kind of sharing. Billy is generous like that. And, Steve doesn't look half bad in second hand, transferred by mouth, cherry red either.

Treasure comes in all sizes. The fit in your palm marbled light green tube of red lipstick is as much of a prize as the thundering Camaro with its backseat, that is big enough to fuck pretty boy in. Then, there is Steve himself, who is; apple pie, boy-next-door, all fucking American goodness. Who is just queer enough, and kinky enough to get down and dirty, but too wholesome to have it be anything less than the two of them being - boyfriends, and someday moving to the big city together.

King Steve is one of those needy sorts of people who wants rainbows and hand holding. Want to making googly eyes at each other over a shared fountain soda like goddam high school sweetheart who wear promise rings. Not that the two of them can do that. Can't be all mushy out in the open, but in the dark of a movie theater, or when the nerds aren't paying attention, or the two of them are all alone, Steve will reach for Billy's hand and Billy will let him hold it. Pretty boy is the prize of a lifetime, a treasure people like Billy aren't suppose to have. But, here Billy is, and Steve is all his. Pretty boy is the pocket aces Billy didn't see getting dealt in this lifetime.

Billy always thought red was his color, but fuck he looks good in dark mauve too. The mirror he is preening in front of like the fucking fag he is doesn't lie. Curly locks extra blonde from a summers worth of sunny pool side lifeguarding makes the deep hue of the color sinful. Grab your bibles ladies and gentlemen, Billy Hargrove is going to steal your soul. Billy winks as himself as his imagination humors his ego.

He touches himself. One hand runs down his bare chest that holds the tan of the summer gone by, to his abs, still just as tan, to his hard-on. Through tighty-whites he squeezes his bulge while dragging on the cigarette he has pinched between the fingers of his other hand. On the exhale white smoke unfurls into lengthy tendrils from between his mauve parted lips. Billy rubs at himself. Wet spot of precome makes itself know through white cotton to the palm of his hand.

Back from a visit to the Windy City, yesterday Steve came bearing a gift for him. A small navy colored bag with navy ribbons for handles, too fucking fancy for Billy, but there Steve had been holding the bag out to him with eager eyes while babbling a spheal, he no doubt had rehearsed in the Beamer while he had drive the two hours back to Hawkins. The color of lipstick Steve had chosen for Billy from some upscale, uptight department store is called 'Mauve by Night'. At first the tube of lipstick had poked at Billy's underbelly which is as good as poking at what makes him mean. Scouts honor, he is trying to be less mean, but it can be hard. Mean is what kept him alive in the face of Neil's abuse. Kill or be killed. Fuck his old man.

*"What the fuck I'm suppose to do with this? Hmm?"* Billy can remember snarling out in a knee jerk reaction

*“Wear it, or you know what, don’t.”* Steve had answered while running a hand through his grown out hair. In that moment it had been a self soothing tick.

*“Look, Billy - you don’t have to - you don’t have to do anything with that. Throw it away if it make you happy.”* He had added when Billy had failed to say anything.

Steve can get Billy the nicest, most thoughtful, I know your queer ass, kind of gift, and Billy can get all bent out of shape about, and still the only thing Steve will want is for him to be happy. His pocket aces go by the name of, Steve Harrington, and the guy is a real king.

Billy shifts his gaze from studying his own sex appeal reflect back to him in his bedroom mirror to the cigarette he has pinched between his thumb and pointer finger. Lip prints in mauve on the butt of his smoke hold his attention while he thinks. Mauve is rich mans’ word for purple. This purple is deep with a hint of red to warm it up, and keep it being a shade of lipstick the few goth kids of Cali would have eyed, but never actually chosen with sticky fingers. The color is a little too bright for kids like that, but for a house wife it is living on the edge, a color for trying to steal your husband back from his mistress. It’s a shade that is all sorts of fucked up. It is perfect for Billy.

There is a kind of sex Steve likes that Billy likes giving to him. Lips painted like the Madam of a whore house goes hand in hand with the domination Steve looks for to get off on. They are peas in a pod the two of them. Last week Billy fucked Steve ass with the screwdriver. Washed the thing first with soap and water, got it all nice and clean before he lubed up the handle and shoved it into pretty boy’s needy ass. The workman yellow handle isn’t near as big or thick as Billy’s cock, and it sure as hell wasn’t made to go into the canal of an asshole, but Steve had loved it. Moaned for it every time the hard handle hit his prostate as Billy rammed it in. There are objects made for need holes like Steve has. Things designed to be shove up and in, and deep. One of these days Billy is going to have to treat Steve to one of those not so little somethings. The lipstick on his lips says that day is going to have to be soon.

Billy had taken the fancy navy bag with its small token of love and

fled in huff and with not much more than an, “*I’ll call you, Harrington.*” Thrown over his shoulder to Steve.

The Hargrove house is empty for the night, a real treat. Which Billy has been just short of wasting. Painted up mouth isn’t enough to make the most of it, not when he has Steve. He picks up the phone to call up his - boyfriend. Makes sure to keep his mirror in his line of sight. Nothing wrong with wanting to look at himself, not when he looks this good.

Three rings in and Steve picks up, “Harrington resident.” Is all he says, and he says it like he is fucking tried of having to answer like that, because let’s be honest neither of his parents are ever really home. It’s Steve’s fucking house.

Billy twirls the avocado green cord of his phone between his fingers while he talks, “Real pretty color on me if I do say so myself.”

The sharp inhale of breath audible over the line makes Billy’s hard cock kick in the confines of his tighy-whities. “Yeah, you like it?” Steve asks sounding all hopeful with what Billy knows is eyebrow raising curiosity.

“Wouldn’t be calling if I didn’t, pretty boy.” He purrs out.

“So - this is a ‘thank you’ phone call, Hargrove?”

Billy smirk, because most of the time Steve makes it too easy, “No, this isn’t a ‘thank you’ phone call, Harrington. This is me calling to see if you feel like being a naughty boy for me tonight. Still have that screwdriver.” The image is already forming in his mind. The night they used the screwdriver for the first time his lips had been painted red. The richness of this color on his mouth tonight, the depth of its hue ask for more. “Bet I could fit a couple fingers up along side it.”

Billy is hardly ever wrong. This night goes down as another instance of his be right. All lube up and with the right amount of work, the handle with two fingers fit all nice and snug into pretty boy’s eager fuck hole. Making him good and sloppy, but despite how strung out he gets on the pleasure of being used, he is obedient to every mauve

colored command given from Billy's painted mouth.

**Author's Note:**

Object insertion is the handle of of screwdriver.  
What can I say, Billy is creative and good with tools.